The Liberalist

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PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

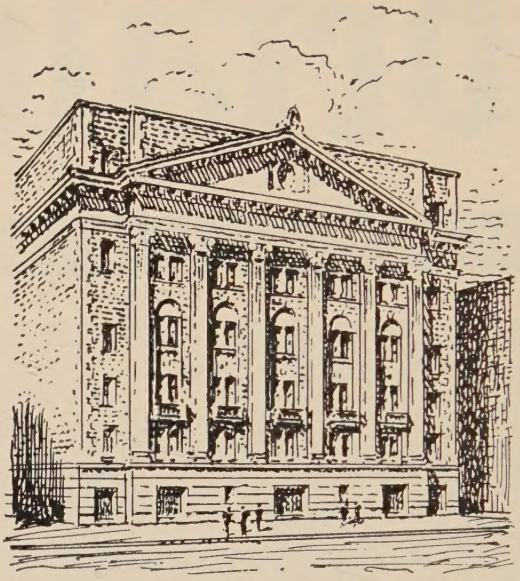
THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts.

—Selected from "The Arsenal at Springfield"

(My American Heritage)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

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ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

THIS article is being written on the Monday afternoon in June before the last service of the church for this season. You will be reading it in July. Because of this time element, my chat with you is necessarily somewhat dated. This is to be regretted, but nothing can be done about it. We have to prepare the copy for each Liberalist a month before publication, so if you should read something to which I have referred in a sermon or an address, you will readily understand.

This summer our Study Secretary and Associate Editor of The Liberalist and the one whose delightful Mail Bag you read every month is taking a two months' European tour, which means that we must not only prepare the July number but also the August and September numbers in the next few days.

Beginning with the October number I shall bring you the European experiences of Mrs. Bradley and myself for the summer. I realize this will be rather late and after we have returned to our Chicago work, but it is simply unavoidable. The August and September numbers will contain all of the departments of The Liberalist and we shall do our best to make them interesting, vital, constructive and helpful.

* * *

The itinerary which has now been settled on for our own summer is as follows:

We plan to sail on the "Mauretania" from New York, on July 24th, arriving in Cobh, Ireland, five days later. From Cobh we are going to Dublin, where I am to preach in the First Unitarian Church and where we shall renew our friendship with the Rev. and Mrs. E. Savell Hicks. Last summer one of the finest congregations and one of the warmest welcomes we received was given us by the congregation in Dublin. It is an active, influential church, right in the heart of the city and not far from the House of Parliament.

We expect to spend a few days there, visiting the historic and scenic places in which that part of Ireland abounds.

From Dublin we are going up to Belfast to spend a few days with the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Agnew, the Rev. and Mrs. John McCleery, and Dr. and Mrs. John McLachlan, Minister of the First Presbyterian Church of Belfast. We will make one or two addresses in that area.

We plan, to go up the Antrim Coast road to the tip of Ireland at Ballyntoy and visit Ballymena, where the grandfather of Mrs. Bradley and my own grandfather and grandmother were born. Of course we shall not leave Ireland without visiting Blarney Castle and renewing our natural Irish tendencies by once more saluting the Blarney Stone.

We shall leave Ireland by way of Larne, taking a steamer from Larne to Stranraer, Scotland. The steamer we crossed on last year, the "Princess Victoria," was the ship which had the tragic ending, resulting in the drowning of Captain James Robinson, with whom we were acquainted. One of the fine pictures which Mrs. Bradley has shown several times shows the picture of the ship which we took during the voyage.

From Scotland we shall go direct to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where we are to

see our dear friend, the Rev. Dr. Herbert Barnes. Dr. Barnes has been ill the entire year and has been unable to preach in the beautiful church at Newcastle-on-Tyne which he built and where I have often spoken.

From Newcastle-on-Tyne we are going to London, where we are to spend several days and where I shall again preach in the Highgate Church of London.

London is filled with so many historical places that one could live there a lifetime and not visit them all. From London we shall visit several places in Kent and shall also visit Windsor Castle, not far from London.

From London we shall cross to Amsterdam, Holland, by way of Harwich and The Hook of Holland, spending a few days in Amsterdam, where we are to meet some of those who are active in the International Congress of Free Religion.

From Amsterdam we are going through Germany and then into Switzerland.

During the month of August a new college is being dedicated in Churwalden, Switzerland, called the Albert Schweitzer College. The college is the outgrowth of the efforts of Prof. H. Casparis and his associates, seeking to establish theological and philosophical opportunities for the young people of Switzerland and the Continent who are in the liberal tradition and whose opportunities are somewhat limited.

Dr. Albert Schweitzer gladly sanctioned the establishment of the college and the use of his name. This will bring to the college from the very beginning a prestige which will be invaluable for its future.

I have not been in Switzerland since 1914. I spent considerable time there just before the outbreak of World War I. In fact I had just left Geneva and arrived in Paris the day of the beginning of World War I. As in all places in Europe, I expect to find many changes, but the eternal mountains, incomparable blue waters of the Swiss lakes, the snow peaked Jungfrau and the glacier at Interlaken are ageless and changeless.

From Switzerland we will go direct to Cherbourg in France and sail for home on the greatest of all ships, the "Queen Elizabeth."

I shall fill in the details of our experiences in subsequent numbers of The Liberalist, beginning with the October number.

Prior to sailing we are going to have some much needed days of rest in our little island home in Lake Vermilion, at Tower, Minnesota. Black Duck Island to me is in many ways the most sacred spot on this earth. There will be those whom we shall miss, but whose presence will be felt. This summer for the first time in sixteen summers, my little dog Skippy will not be there. After his death last September, and the day before we left the island to assume our work at the church, we buried him on the island in a little casket which my caretaker, Ray Landmark, made. I wrapped him in his blanket, put his harness and leash beside him and laid him to rest under a balsam tree. There on the island which he loved so much and where he roamed so freely, he rests.

* * *

On Sunday, June 21st, I shall be preaching in the Unitarian Church at Hanska, Minnesota, and on Sunday, July 5th, I shall be speaking at Chautauqua, New York, at the original Chautauqua established in this country. Some years ago I spent a week there, speaking every day. The experience still lingers with me as one of the most inspiring of my life. Thousands of people gather there from all over the United States, many of whom

spend the entire summer, attending lectures, sermons, concerts, recitals, in what is probably the most inspiring and cultural program in this country.

On June 24th I am giving the commencement address for the High School of Fort William, Ontario, in Canada, an interesting city located on the northern shore of Lake Superior.

In between these engagements I am going to get as much rest as possible before we begin the long summer trek. In the days of long ago we used to leave Chicago on the Sunday church closed, go directly to Black Duck Island and spend the entire summer in the beauty of forest and lake, but these later years my life has become increasingly busy, the years have grown less, and I feel wherever I can be of help or inspiration in these troublesome days, I should do all I possibly can to help people meet more adequately the challenge which is before us all.

* * *

Every time I give an address or preach a sermon I have a deep sense of responsibility to meet the demands of the occasion. Each one to me is important. There are some, however, which stand out with deeper significance than others, though the others are no less important to the people.

Looking back over the busiest winter of my life, the opportunity of delivering an address at the General Federation meeting of the Women's Clubs of America, in Constitution Hall, in Washington, D.C., is probably the most important occasion, outside of my own pulpit, of the winter. To speak before a group of several thousand women, representing more than ten million women from every state in the Union, including Alaska and Hawaii, with several women representing international organizations in Europe, the Philippines and Puerto Rico, was an opportunity seldom afforded a speaker.

When I received the invitation from Mrs. Ahlgren, the distinguished and effective President of the National Federation, I accepted it with a prayer and a hope that I might make some contribution to their distinguished program. The night before I was to appear in Washington, I was giving a commencement address in Greensburg, Indiana. The only way I could reach Washington was by flying. Mrs. Bradley and I booked a flight on the United Air Lines out of Chicago for 8:05 in the morning of the day on which I was to speak in Constitution Hall in the afternoon. My train was to leave Greensburg, Indiana, for Chicago at 11:25 at night. On arriving at the depot in Greensburg I learned the train was an hour late; that it was being held for the St. Louis Cardinals Baseball Team, who were playing a night game that evening. It was due in Chicago at 6:30 in the morning, leaving me plenty of time to make the Airport. But being an hour late I would have only 35 minutes on arriving in Chicago.

I called June after midnight, asking her to call the airline and see if they would hold the plane. I did not know what the results were until my arrival in Chicago. June met me at the station, telling me that the plane was delayed an hour and I need not hurry or have any anxiety about making it. This was a great relief.

We took our time getting to the Airport and at 9:20 boarded a DC-6 for Washington.

All of my life I have suffered from fear of height. This is very common, but with me it always seemed unusually developed. I can't look down from the height of a building without an uncontrollable fear. I have had it always, but never permitted it to disturb me unduly. Therefore I had looked for-

ward to the plane trip with more or less apprehension as to my reaction.

Seated comfortably with our safety belts attached, we were soon in the air, flying at 15,000 feet, and in two and a half hours we sat down at the Airport in Washington.

Never have I enjoyed a travel experience more. I looked down upon what appeared like oceans of cotton, and through the opening here and there I caught glimpses of the fields, the highways looking like miniature patterns of a modernistic painting, the designs so marked with an infinite variety of green. I have never seen anything more beautiful.

We crossed the Shenandoah Valley and the Alleghanies in bright, clear sunshine. I had no awareness of a moving plane. It seemed to be suspended in the sky and I understood as I never had the beautiful lines of the poet in the poem "High Flight." It did seem as though you could reach out "and touch the hand of God." I had no feeling whatever of height and no physical reaction of any kind. As the Potomac, the Memorial at Alexandria, the Washington Monument and the Capitol dome came into view, it seemed incredible that but two hours and a half ago I was on a Pennsylvania train coming into Chicago.

We had not been aloft very long when the stewardess came to me and said "Dr. Bradley, I am so glad to have you on our plane. You gave my graduating address when I was graduated from the High School in Joliet in 1945." Her friendly greeting was deeply appreciated. Later I had the opportunity of meeting the Captain and the Co-pilot, who took me into the nose of the plane and showed me the myriads of intricate instruments and explained to me some of the principles of aviation.

I was so thrilled with the experience that on arrival in Washington I tried to book plane passage back from Washington after my address. This was impossible for it was the day before a holiday and all available space had been sold.

I left Washington on a train that afternoon at 5:30 and did not arrive in Chicago until the next morning at 9 o'clock.

One of the most outstanding experiences in regard to my flight was the unusual courtesy extended by every person with whom I came in contact. Every representative of the Airlines projected courtesy and consideration; even to the extent of calling my home in the early morning, when it was discovered the plane would be an hour late in leaving Chicago.

It is a pleasure to do business with the personnel of the airlines of this country and probably one of the reasons for the tremendous success of the Airlines is to be found in the field of public relations.

Of course it is also true that some of the most comfortable and pleasant journey I have ever had have been made on the fine railroads which we have in our country. It is all a matter of necessity and time. If one can make a schedule for leisurely traveling, our railroads cannot be outclassed, but when time or an emergency is involved, aerial travel is the answer.

An incident in connection with my speaking in Washington which affected me deeply and for which I was most grateful occurred when I was introduced by the National President. I received a very warm greeting from the audience, but the entire Illinois delegation, composed of 160 women from our State, arose and greeted me. Their gesture of friendship gave me a good start and the reception that was accorded me at the conclusion of my ad-

dress will linger with me all the rest of the way.

Already I have been invited to address the next National Convention, which meets next year in the City of Denver.

Well, there is much more I would like to share with you, but I have run out of space.

I close with a prayer that you may have a restful and restorative summer, and as the weeks go by, might our world grow nearer to the dawn of peace.

Extract of an Address by Dr. Preston Bradley at the General Federation of Woman's Clubs, Washington, D.C.

The position which women occupy in the United States of America is unique among all the nations of the world. I have been visiting Europe this past summer, speaking and lecturing in four different countries. Nowhere did I find women in positions of leadership or responsibility in any field of endeavor to the extent to which we find them in the United States. There are few women executives in business, few members in parliamentary activity. There are some conspicuous in the arts, but nothing comparable to the position which women justly occupy in this country.

The increasing interest which women have in the political, educational economic and religious life of our country is one of the most hopeful things in our present situation. Women are becoming more active in every area, and they are doing it without neglecting the responsibility of being home-makers. Modern invention has decreased the labor hours of all women in the home. Women have more leisure than ever before in the history of our culture.

Probably the greatest difficulty which the democracy of tomorrow will face will be the question of leisure. Everyone will work fewer hours; everyone will have more time. The facility of our production has been stimulated to such an extent that it will require less time to produce everything than it ever has. Women are deeply and fundamentally concerned and involved in this situation.

Who has a better right to participate in formulating political economy and industrial policy than women? Everything which happens: war, economic upheaval, industrial disturbance, educational uncertainties, religious bigotries, racial antagonisms, are all of vital concern to womankind.

Socrates said a long time ago that the future of democracy depended upon an educated citizenry. Democracies are not saved from the top down, but from the bottom up. Any influences which increase the unity and solidarity of our American idealism are good. Deepening our own cultural roots is the best defense against the hurricanes of the tortured world.

The potentiality of a great national organization such as the General Federation of Women's Clubs leaves one almost breathless as one comprehends it. The real breakdown of our present situation is a moral breakdown and every political and economic question is, on ultimate analysis, a moral question. No segment of our society sees this more clearly than women. Their sensitiveness to this aspect of the problem is obvious. When women are aroused, they are alert, they are determined.

At a moment of history when no one can afford to dissipate or lose one ounce

(*Continued on page* 21)

"A FAITH TO OVERCOME PESSIMISM"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
Sunday, March 8, 1953

THIS is one of my favorite themes this morning. It is one that I have said a great deal about during the course of my ministry and it is one of which I put a part into almost every address or every sermon or every broadcast which I give—this question of pessimism and optimism. My father, of blessed memory, and one of the most creative optimists I have ever known in his philosophy of life, was probably responsible for some of the attitudes and attributes which have characterized much of my ministry as I have gone through the years. I shall never forget one time when he had an opportunity to buy a cow. It was a good milking cow; and father came home from his blacksmith shop and he said to my mother, "I've got an opportunity to buy a cow. It costs sixty dollars." Father thought that mother could make the butter and we would have the milk and it would be a good idea to buy this cow; and we had a backyard and a shed where we could keep it. Mother said, "Where are you going to get the sixty dollars?" That was the important problem. And father said, "Well, I hadn't thought much about that! I've been spending all afternoon thinking about the cow." And my mother said, "Well you better think about how you're going to get the money!" Mother was a very practical woman. You see, the farmer wanted cash; not three dollars down, he wanted cash.

My father was a pretty good salesman, in a way, at projecting his philosophy and his attitude toward life. We had a little bank in our village. Those were the days when character was an asset. The man who ran the little bank in our town was a man who had known my father all of his life. And father said, "I think I will go ask Mr. Spencer for the sixty dollars. Mother said, "You haven't any security! The bank has to have security!" That didn't daunt my father. Father walked right into the little bank and he said, "Mr. Spencer, I want to buy a cow," and he smiled when he said it. Mr. Spencer said, "Well, Bob, how much is the cow?" Father said, "Sixty dollars!" And Mr. Spencer asked him, "How much of the sixty dollars have you got?" And father said, "I haven't any of it! Not a penny! I thought that's what you were for. This is a bank, and I need sixty dollars!" Then Mr. Spencer said "Have you any security?" Father said, "No I haven't any security; but you have known me a long time, Mr. Spencer, and you know I work hard and you know my word!" And Mr. Spencer said, "That's right, Bob, I've known you a long time. Will Mrs. Bradley sign a note with you?" "Oh!" he said, "sure!" I don't think father was too sure about that but he said "Oh, sure." So Mr. Spencer made out a note for sixty dollars; I think it was for six months, I have forgotten. Then father, just walking on air, took the note back to the house and he said, "Pet, I got the money!" And she said, "Where is it?" And he held out the note, and mother said, "But that isn't money!" And he said, "No, but when you sign this, I've got the money!" And he talked mother into signing the note; and he got the money and paid

it back—every bit of it! Character! But it was his creative attitude that he was doing the right thing, and no circumstance would prevent him from achieving what was right for him. That is where the pessimist always breaks down.

The pessimist, who has an attitude of defeatism and cynicism and despair and frustration, creates the environment for his own failures; and you can analyze the tragedy of failure in a large percentage of people and you will discover that the tragedy was pretty largely of their own creation because of the psychological environment they created by their attitudes. It's so important—the attitude, and pessimism is an attitude. It's one slant toward life. Father used to tell the story about the farmer we had out in that part of the country. The farmer stood leaning on the corner of his rail fence as we drove by. Father stopped the horse and turned to him and said, "Well, Joe, did you ever see a more beautiful day?" And Joe looked up at the sky and then turned to my father and said, "Well, it's a nice day all right, but it's a weather breeder!" And my father, who never had any of that philosophy or any of that attitude, looked at the beginning of his wheat. The winter wheat was showing through the soil, and it was beautiful. It was like a beautiful green velvet bit of tapestry; and father said, "Joe, I have never seen a better stand of wheat than you have!" And Joe looked at the wheat and then he turned to father and said, "Oh yes, Bob, it's a good stand of wheat, but it's awful hard on the soil!" Now there was a man who couldn't see the blue of the sky because "it was a weather breeder"; he couldn't see the golden beauty of creativeness permeating through the little green shreds of wheat because "it was hard on the soil!" Wasn't he missing a lot of life? I wouldn't be like that for anything; the pessimist who, in his attitude toward life is always looking on the dark and the dismal, is corroding his soul. Why, pretty soon it will show in his face. You can tell by the smile and the glow on people's faces what is the dominating imperative of their hearts. And you can't hide that with cosmetics; you can't destroy it with lipstick! It shines through everything! And the man who will build his life on the sense of defeatism and cynicism and pessimism, no matter how authoritative and justifiable it seems to be, is simply a deceived personality.

I know it's a little hard in a world like this; where cynicism is widespread and a sense of frustration is everywhere, and there is a deepening awareness of inadequacy, and people are constantly wringing their hands and saying, "What can we do about it?" I know it's easy to develop a sense of pessimism about it; but I know something else—that there is a creative optimism of the human spirit which builds basically a triumphant, buoyant personality. You can't do it with pessimism and defeatism and you can't do it with hate and you can't do it with criticism and you can't do it with envy! You've got to clean up the heart, and life will take on renewed vigor and renewed strength. One of the finest physicians in this city told me the other day that 85% of the people who come to him over fifty don't need to come at all—if only they had a great religious faith! Their lives are being wrecked and destroyed and disintegrated right in front of them because they have no deep faith! You find something to anchor to; you find something to give your heart to; you find a loyalty; find a church; find a cause; find a personality; find something to which you can anchor with a great fundamental faith and you'll see how pessimism will fly

out the window of your lives—it will vanish! And in this great moment, when pessimism has settled down upon more than half the world, when people are anchored to materialism, to mechanics and to science, and man becomes a cog and a number, no wonder man becomes a pessimist! Why, man was created for something high; he was created for something lofty!

Evil has never had a permanent victory over good yet; evil men have never won permanency in the world. One sleeps tonight in Moscow who probably sent more people to death than any man who has ever lived. Certainly more than any of the previous czars of Russia. There came a moment when his heart stopped, and he met death—and God! Stalin knows now! He knows! And would to God that there was some way we could transfer to living people the knowledge that only faith creates! Some day we shall know, all of us shall know some day; every heart shall stop too, and we shall know. But if we can entertain a creative, constant faith in the integrity of the good, the true, and the beautiful, that the heart of the universe is sound, that you and I were designed for great things, then we're not going to permit a disintegration of our personality and the weakening of our faith into the blight of pessimism. No! Goodness, truth, beauty—these are the triumphs. And there are more good people in the world than bad; there are more happy people than sad. This is still God's world, and no person can believe that and remain a pessimist. It can't be done!

Bouquets to the Chicago Public Library

This spring, at the Thirteenth Annual Author's Luncheon, at which Fanny Butcher of the Chicago Tribune Staff was honored, she paid the following tribute to the Chicago Public Library. It was so beautifully stated that we print it in its entirety in our Liberalist. Said Miss Butcher:

"The real heroine of this historical and novel day is our Public Library, who, let us say, is a grand old lady. She proudly admits that she is an octogenarian, but manages to grow younger, more zestful, more vigorous, more useful with each year. She possesses more real wealth than Fort Knox, but hides none of it behind bars and armed guards. She lends eight and a half millions of that wealth every year, asking in interest only the opportunity to compound those millions to billions some day.

She feeds hungry minds and souls and is herself thus miraculously nourished. She leads little children into magic countries of the mind, comforts the aged, is eyes to the sightless, tutor to the ambitious, tireless in her help to everyone. She traces her lineage 2000 years and more, directly to the libraries of Alexandria which were the center of the literature and the learning of the whole world, and today she rightly holds her head high among the greatest of the Alexandrian descendants. Our Public Library is literally the Alma Mater, the fostering mother to all of Chicago, and she numbers among her grateful alumni its entire citizenry. As one of them I want to say thank you to the Chicago Public Library. And as an ordained, however minor preacher of the gospel of books, I would like to say as we part, this paraphrase of that beautiful benediction 'May books too, bless us and keep us, make their words to shine upon us and give us—and if possible the whole world—peace.' "

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

THE Izaak Walton League of America is increasingly attracting *all* people; some who do not fish or hunt, and have no interest from the mere point of view of their own sportsmanship. The undergirding and the strength of the Izaak Walton League of America is that it stands fearlessly and scientifically in opposition to every exploitation of our good American earth. The American people would lose their great National Parks, the great public grounds of this country, its streams, its rivers, its lakes, its beauty—to be despoiled by something called "profit and dollars."

The Izaak Walton League is more than just a group of sportsmen. Please disabuse your minds about that; it is interested in conservation, and conservation not only implies *conserving* that which one has, but it also implies *restoring* that which has been lost. Three hundred years ago there lived a quiet contemplative philosopher by the name of Izaak Walton. And three hundred years ago, when Izaak Walton was sixty years of age, one of the greatest books ever written—an ever continuing and increasing classic in its field, and in the whole field of literature—THE COMPLEAT ANGLER, was written. And if you are one of those unfortunate people who have missed reading THE COMPLEAT ANGLER, before this present year is out, read it; read every word of it. You will find it more thrilling than a dime novel; more interesting than the ten-year-old movies that you spend hours watching on your televisions; you will find it one of the deepening, strengthening things of your life, a book three hundred years old! There have been more than three hundred editions published of the book. I have seen and held in my hands *the First Edition;* and I will tell you that if you have a First Edition of THE COMPLEAT ANGLER I will put you in contact with a man in the City of New York who will give you $6,500 for that First Edition—this COMPLEAT ANGLER of Izaak Walton.

Extract from Address Delivered by Dr. Preston Bradley Tuesday, May 12, as the Keynote Speaker at the Illinois Federation of Woman's Clubs, at the Sherman Hotel

In a democratic society, the individual or the institution having the opportunity for creating and projecting public opinion is the most powerful factor. Public opinion ultimately expresses itself in action and action creates destiny. The solidarity and permanency of our country can be attributed to a free expression of opinion.

If the time ever comes when that expression is coerced, restricted or limited, except for those who would undermine our foundations or destroy our system of government, the darkest hour in American history will dawn.

A wise man many centuries ago said that a democracy would depend for its existence on an ever increasing level of individual education and understanding. It is no stronger than the intellectual and moral fiber of its people.

We have reached one of those situations which democracy is always facing for the making of great and important decisions. Every person is largely what he is because of decisions he has made along the way of life. The nation is but the epitome of the individual. There are important decisions ahead in every area of life: decisions in religion, education and politics. The result of these decisions will undeniably influence the future for a thousand years. This is a decisive era. It must be approached with study, observation and courage. Every institution which helps to create a favorable atmosphere for a wise decision is a valuable asset. The best decisions are made in an atmosphere of quiet contemplation and poise. Rancor, criticism and unfair accusation and noise do not create an environment for careful observation and wise decision.

One of the most hopeful signs for the future is that a great organization like the one I am now addressing, realizes these truths and is directing its energies toward assisting and inspiring people to make the wise decisions on the problems of today.

BOOK CHATS

THE following Press release was given to the Chicago papers Wednesday, May 27, 1953:

"Dr. Preston Bradley presented to Miss Gertrude Gscheidle, Librarian of the Chicago Public Library, five bound copies of what he terms an 'historically important Chicago document,' the just released Five Year Report of the Chicago Commission on Human Relations. The presentation, which took place at 2:30 p.m. on Wednesday, May 27th, in Miss Gscheidle's office in the Main Library, will make it possible for the Report, titled The People of Chicago, to be catalogued and circulated.

"Dr. Bradley, who has been on the Board of Directors of the Chicago Public Library since 1925 and has been a member of the Chicago Commission on Human Relations since its formation in 1943, said, 'There is no more important subject in the world than the relations of man to man. It is not simply a matter of religious principle, it is a crucial question of daily practice affecting ev-

erything we do. We can solve no problems if we cannot solve the first one—how to behave toward our fellow man. This Report deals with the day-by-day, on-the-street problems of human relations in Chicago and should be read and studied by everyone in this city.'

"Miss Gscheidle announced the plans for distributing the Report through the branch libraries. Copies of the booklet will be on display in the branches and the branch librarians will have mailing cards for anyone who wishes to have a copy of the illustrated booklet without charge. The card, merely filled out with the sender's name and address and mailed, will reach the Commission on Human Relations at 54 West Hubbard Street and will bring a copy of the Report. The Adult Education Department of the Main Library also has copies."

People's thinking would be broadened and enriched by reading this five-year report of the Chicago Commission on Human Relations. I hope readers of The Liberalist will call the attention of their friends to the report and will give them the address where they may write and request a copy. Better still, as a matter of thoughtful courtesy, tell your friends you will request a copy mailed to them. You see by first calling their attention to the report, you will have secured their interest in it.

* * *

When You Marry (new and revised), by Evelyn M. Duvall and Reuben Hill, covers the gamut of personal relationships—"from first date to last baby."

Dr. Joseph K. Folsom's comments on the original edition of *When You Marry* are said to be just as fitting for this new and fully revised edition. His comments appeared in Parents' Magazine as follows:

"This book is really different. It is a new achievement. It is full of pictures, cartoons and crisp, straight-from-the-shoulder sentences. Yet it also draws liberally upon accurate technical material.

"It brings in each piece of science at the right point—to answer a practical question. There is psychology and finance and anatomy, each coming on the stage when it is needed. The parts of the book follow one another in the order of normal human experience and curiosity.

"It reflects the author's alertness to the needs of youth as a whole. 'Old married folks' and seasoned parents will enjoy the book and find in it plenty of food for thought, as well as will those who are about to embark on the marital voyage."

The book is published by the Association Press. Mrs. Evelyn Millis Duvall was Executive Secretary of the National Council on Family Relations, 1945-1951; director, Association for Family Living (Chicago), 1934-1945. She is a member of: American Association of Marriage Counselors; American Sociological Society; National Council on Family Relations; advisory board Child Study Association of America; Society for Research in Child Development. Mrs. Duvall is also a regional consultant, American Institute of Family Relations. She is the author of *Building Your Marriage, Facts of Life and Love for Teen-Agers, Family Living, Keeping Up With Teen-Agers, Leading Parents' Groups, Marriage is What You Make It,* and numerous magazine articles. She is a Doctor of Philosophy.

Reuben Lorenzo Hill is professor of sociology, and research professor, Institute for Research in Social Science, University of North Carolina. He directs the University's graduate training

program for students of the family. Dr. Hill is author and editor, with Howard Becker, of *Marriage and the Family, Marriage and Parenthood, Families Under Stress,* and a revision of the classic study by the late Willard Waller, *The Family:* a dynamic interpretation. He is associate editor, *Social Forces;* assistant editor, *The American Sociological Review;* has contributed widely to both scholarly and popular magazines, the latter including Reader's Digest, Parents' Magazine, McCall's and Better Homes and Gardens.

These authors, two of the country's leading family life experts, prepare you for an even happier and a lasting marriage with this guidebook that covers every aspect of your personal relationships. They give down-to-earth, straightforward information about everything that leads you up to, prepares you for, and relates to your own courtship, marriage and parenthood. The book is as varied as a large library and as readable as a novel. It has lighthearted Wyncie King cartoons to heighten your interest.

Over 65,000 copies of the first edition were sold.

* * *

Now, because I think it is so important that every citizen of Chicago see a little pamphlet that has just been published by the Chicago Public Library, I am going to re-print the wording of the pamphlet here in our Book Chats, so that at least all of our readers may see it and may know all the wealth of cultural good that is stored up within the walls of our Chicago Public Library.

I know you will be not only surprised, but amazed at some of the things you will read; amazed to know of the services rendered and available to the people of Chicago.

It is astounding to realize that as a matter of fact:

Two and one-half million volumes, covering every imaginable subject are available for recreational and educational reading.

Housed in neighborhood Branch Libraries and at the Central Library are books in 49 foreign languages—from Albanian to Korean, Lithuanian to Yiddish.

Educational films, slides, pictures, records, music, periodicals, documents and pamphlets numbering in the thousands make the Chicago Public Library a communications center as well as a book center.

Community agencies in every sense, the 62 Branch and Sub-Branch Libraries provide the types of books and services best suited to the needs of each neighborhood.

Hailed by press and public alike, the Library's two new Traveling Branches now bring books right to the doorsteps of 12 Chicago communities.

Interests of a specialized nature are served by the million-volume book collection and the subject departments in the fields of Art, Music, Business and Education at the Central Library.

Collections in business houses, factories, labor unions, churches, social settlements, clubs, camps and schools bring books to readers wherever the readers are.

Aged persons and invalids confined at home are served by the Library's "book service by mail for shut-ins," while patients in many Chicago hospitals are given bedside book service.

Good reading for Chicago's blind citizens is provided from collections of books, periodicals and music in embossed type and a collection of books on records known as "talking books."

Of all the groups that use the library none makes better use of its services than Chicago's children and young people who read more than three and one-half million books per year.

William Sloane Associates have just published a fascinating book for the simple, easy identification of trees. If you spend a summer in the country, or if you like to take long walks through

Popular use of the Public Library has made it one of the great circulating libraries of the world—last year issuing eight and one-quarter million volumes to Chicago readers.

Use of non-book materials—films, slides, records, music, etc.—has grown steadily in recent years and now amounts to almost one million pieces annually.

Book borrowers, for the first time in the Library's history, are now reading less fiction and more non-fiction, thereby making more purposeful use of Library facilities.

Last year Chicagoans asked the Library's reference staff to answer an average of *eight* questions *every* minute of *every* hour of *every* day the Library was open—a total of 1,794,884 questions.

Interesting programs and activities taking place in Library agencies attract more than one hundred thousand enthusiastic participants annually.

Central Library Lectures, book-talks, educational films, "live" and recorded concerts are presented at noon-hour programs for loop workers and shoppers from October through April.

Larger Branch Libraries are centers for Great Books discussion groups, educational films, lectures, book-talks, concerts, citizenship classes, local history groups and groups for older adults.

In all Branch Libraries story hours and vacation reading programs are regular activities for children, while the Central Library's Children's Hour draws capacity audiences every Saturday afternoon.

Both the Central Library and the larger Branches consistently present some of the best exhibits to be seen anywhere in the city.

Recent rehabilitation of the Civil War collection in the G.A.R. Memorial Hall has provided the Central Library with one of the show places of the city and a first-rate display of articles and documents relating to the War of the Rebellion and Abraham Lincoln.

A perennial attraction for out-of-town visitors and Chicagoans is the beautiful mosaic decoration of the walls and ceilings at the south end of the Central Library building, installed by Tiffany and Company in 1897 and called the finest work of its kind in the Central West.

Right from the start in 1873, the Chicago Public Library has directed its activities and resources to providing constructive use of leisure time, cultural appreciation, intellectual stimulation and enjoyment.

Year by year, the Library attains these objectives by remaining a rich, free source for knowledge and information on all subjects and on all public issues.

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the woods you will want to slip this book in your pocket before you start. The name of the book is *Telling Trees,* by Julius King. The illustrations are by Richard G. Sigafoos. More than a hundred common trees of America are described and illustrated in this handy little book. East Coast, West Coast, all around the country, these are the trees you see most often. The pleasure of identifying them—in winter or in summer—is yours. The main portion of the book deals with trees in summer in full leaf. However, there are silhouettes of trees in winter, Rutherford Platt's valuable key to trees in the snowy season, and a complete index in the back of the book. The summer illustrations are done in green and black and white, with a spray of leaves shown from every tree, and, on the lower part of each page, under the leafy illustration is pictured the part of the country where the tree pictured will be found. There is a background scale behind each illustration to help in determining the size. With *Telling Trees* in one pocket and a good bird book in the other, one would be well equipped for the summer.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

AS I came to the Study this morning I was thinking about Edward L. Kramer's Thank-U-Gram idea. Mr. Kramer spoke to a very interested group of people shortly before the church closed for the midsummer months. He gave us some very fine ideas about getting into action instead of merely doing some wishful thinking. One of his action ideas is the Thank-U-Gram, which Dr. Bradley has mentioned to us several times. Mr. Kramer originated the idea of sending at least two Thank-U-Grams every day to people who have done something deserving of our thanks. Perhaps you are grateful to a cab driver. Perhaps the newsboy on the corner has done you a service. Perhaps it will be someone who is never thought of as deserving special thanks—a conductor who is especially good natured, or your mailman. This practice of watching for two people a day to whom you can send a Thank-U-Gram induces an alert attitude of looking for the good, the bright things of life, and the first thing you know, your life is so full of gratitude that there just isn't any room for the negative side of life, the criticisms, the complaints. One soon finds he or she is leading a fuller life, through gratitude. This gratitude must be acted on—not just felt.

As I started to say at the beginning, I was thinking about the idea as I turned down Deming Place toward Lincoln Park. All at once there burst upon my view, a short avenue of trees at the end of Deming Place. My heart just swelled with appreciation of the beauty of the dainty, graceful trees, with their young, tender leaves. (It so happens that because of my vacationing in Switzerland this summer, I am writing these words in May, which accounts for the daintiness of the leaves at the time of writing.) One might have approached the morning with a gloomy, downcast attitude, for the skies were lowering, there was no sunshine, rain threatened, and fog might come rolling in any minute. We have had too much rain and dampness to suit most everyone, and one might have resented this morning's dull greyness. But as I turned into Deming Place, I thought "Oh, what a beautiful, dainty, lush and altogether lovely sight are those trees, full to overflowing with tiny leaves, so fresh with the sweet freshness of all young things, like youth itself. I ought to send a Thank-U-Gram to God this morning, right now, for all this beauty." So I sent a silent heartful of gratitude to God for the beauty of the springtime, and didn't mind so much the lack of sunshine for which we are all longing these days.

I couldn't put that Thank-U-Gram in the mailbox, but it was a very active one even though it was only felt, and somehow I'm sure that God received it.

I'm reading Mr. Kramer's "Pathways to Power," and this week, with several friends, I shall be attending his three-evening lecture course. I know I shall derive much good from these lectures, because the titles of them alone suggest the good I shall receive. There are ten subjects covered each night. Now, since you cannot have the advan-

tage of the course at this time, because the lectures will be over by the time you are reading these lines, I do suggest that you get his little book, "Pathways to Power," for it is full of ideas to act upon which are bound to bring rich reward into your life.

I believe, too, that should you and some friends wish to get together and receive these lectures of his, he would be willing to make a return trip to Chicago for the purpose, since he lives in St. Louis, only 300 miles away.

* * *

Just a bit about the Drama Teas which are to be revived next fall. The Mother's Day Drama Tea was so very well received that we are assured of the co-operation of the church members next season. Geoffrey Lardner, Jane Lilli, Arlene Flathman and William Simpson gave a very rich and splendid interpretation of the characters in Noel Coward's "Private Lives," and many fine compliments on their work were received. Much gratification was expressed at the prospect of reviving the teas next season.

It has been arranged that Franklin Adams and his Jack and Jill Players will have the Drama Teas for the months of October, December, February, and April; and Geoffrey Lardner and Jane Lilli of the Crescent Theatre of Chicago will be responsible for November, January March and May. It is possible that the Lake Front Players will take part occassionally also. The teas are planned for the second Sunday of each month during the season.

The Jack and Jill Players are located at 180 E. Delaware and are putting on plays during the summer. Geoffrey Lardner and Jane Lilli are doing Drama Duet engagements and can be reached at 10 E. Pearson St., WE 5-2710. If you wish to receive notices of the teas next season, listen to Dr. Bradley's announcements over WJJD every Sunday, or drop a post card to me at The Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago 40, Illinois.

I am very grateful to the many who came out and helped us to make it such a successful and happy day on May the 10th.

* * *

The Uptown Lions Club were so kind as to include me in an invitation to their Ladies Day Luncheon at which Dr. Bradley spoke. I was the guest of Mr. A. S. Adams, who for the past year has been head of the Welfare Department of the Lions Club and has been working in connection with the church office to help wherever possible in welfare work in Uptown Chicago. Not any case which was brought to our attention and then turned over to Mr. Adams has been neglected in any way. The Uptown Lions Club is certainly to be congratulated on the extensive work they have been doing at their Welfare Depot at 1464 W. Montrose Avenue, to help the people of Uptown Chicago district. Mr. Adams has sometimes seemed to me to be quite a miracle man in the speed with which difficult situations of people in trouble have been taken care of. We are grateful to Mr. Adams and to the Uptown Lions for their fine co-operation with us in this welfare work.

* * *

Now let us see what the Mail Bag has to offer:

J. Harry Moore, of Chicago, writes: Dear Dr. Bradley:

From time to time I have been sending The Liberalist to my sister on the West Coast. The enclosed is a copy of a letter she wrote after reading a recent issue.

"I thought you would be interested to know that Dr. Bradley rings the bell in far-away California, despite the

fact The Peoples Church does not broadcast over a national hook-up the message of its great pastor.

"Is it possible for me to obtain a recording of one of Dr. Bradley's addresses? I would like very much to send it to San Lorenzo for the edification and delight of the little circle in that suburban village. The good people there I am sure would react with enthusiasm and appreciation to the sound of your champion's voice."

* * *

Dr. Bradley is always happy to know of the encouragement he lends to younger ministers, as witnessed by the letter which follows from John Fordon:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I want to take this occasion to thank you once again for all you have done for me: the recommendation you gave to theological school, the help you've been while I was there, and now, for your stirring words at my ordination-installation, making it a most memorable event in my life.

You know, seeing and hearing you once again after an absence of all these years, I couldn't help but become nostalgic over the many years my family and I have spent hearing you over the radio and seeing you at Peoples Church. Officially, of course, I'm still a member of Peoples Church—a fact of which I am quite proud, and in my ministry do not propose to change.

If ever, Doctor, I can be of any help whatsoever, please do let me know. It will be little enough for all the guidance and inspiration you have extended me.

May the next 41 years of your ministry be as blessed and bountiful as these first have been.

Yours most sincerely,

John.

* * *

To show that Dr. Bradley ranks high with the youth of this country, whenever they are exposed to his philosophy, we think you will be glad to read the following contribution to the Mail Bag, although we cannot use the names because this parent felt a bit self-conscious in speaking in praise of her own son:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

My husband and I were very much interested in the fine sermon you presented last Sunday morning on the New Revised Standard Bible. We felt that you gave the facts in a very clear way so that anyone listening and willing to learn, could understand. I would like to show it to some of the folks at the National Council if I might have a copy.

May we offer a personal word of thanks to you for the many fine sermons we have heard during the eight years we have lived in Chicago, and for the books we have read of yours in earlier years in Minneapolis.

Further, our son J——, 22 years, is now in Bordeaux, France, in the Air Force, with the air-sea rescue group, arriving there this year in January, for a two-and-a-half-year stretch. He takes with him a most wonderful philosophy of life and a sensible belief in a God who "is a partner" in all experiences of life. We feel that your sermons have had a large share in developing his outlook on life. You see, as with many boys in their 'teens, while it was a struggle to get him to attend church services regularly and also because the last four years he worked a schedule that kept him from going to our own services, he would sit quietly listening to Dr. Bradley "because he talked sense." How often we have wanted to tell you about J—— but how often one puts off writing this kind of a letter. But we do want to express our thanks to you, not only for the help your sermons have given us, but the help you were to us in trying to mold J——

into the fine son we now have.

In brief explanation, this department of the National Council ..... syndicates a number of columns for daily and weekly newspapers and I have a share of the responsibilities of keeping it going. . . . If you ever care to use the example of J——, it is of course all right, as it might help some other parents and boys, but we would prefer that our names not be mentioned, as this is naturally written personally with our own thoughts as parents.

Enclosed is a small check just in token in a little measure for what you have done for one family with your radio service.

Having worked myself for six years in a large —— church in Minneapolis where we had a morning worship service each Sunday, I know the expenses of such a service and also the outreach to so many hundreds of people who *think* about writing to the "radio preacher" and who, either through a sense of modesty or a "laissez faire" feeling neglect to do so. With all good wishes, Sincerely.

Yes, indeed, Dr. Bradley greatly appreciates the ones who *think* about it and then *do* it. They are the ones who help spread the influence of the church.

* * *

Mr. Finney Briggs, of Valparaiso, Indiana, who has known Dr. Bradley a long time, writes this interesting letter:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

You know, letters are a poor substitute for personal chats. For they don't show the friendly sparkle in the eye, the accompanying smile, or the quiet understanding of the other fellow's viewpoint.

I know you misunderstood my remarks when I wrote you hastily last week, for you were a little hot under the collar when you spoke about it yesterday. But from your comments, I am sure others must have criticised *you* sharply, which I did not—and so you called them "dangerous." Well, my wife and I smiled, for we understood what you were thinking.

May I try again to make my point? I am not critical or cynical about people who go to church or pray—far from it. But quoting from memory, Jesus said, "Not all those who cry 'Lord, Lord' shall enter the kingdom of heaven." That is what I meant. It is of little avail to observe the form and ritual of religion, if one fails to practice the substance of its teachings in all his daily life. "By their fruits shall ye know them."

If you haven't already read it you would like "Plea For Liberty" by the French writer, Georges Bernanos, Let me quote from it—

"In no sense were the Pharisees primarily imposters. They did not merely pretend to pray, or to fast, or pay tithes to the Temple. They conformed to the Law; they conformed scrupulously, all but for *one* scruple—to make their hearts conform thereto; and perhaps their hearts were not of a shape to fit the Law!"

My whole point is, that we must judge men not by what they say or profess, but by what they do. Truly I was not being "political" when I viewed the trends now being developed by the Administration and the congress. I would as readily support a policy of national conservation, and "the greatest good for the greatest number" if practiced by Republicans, as I endorsed the progressive measures of Roosevelt and Truman—party labels mean nothing. But I am mightily concerned about righteous principles, which is why I am still a Liberal, like yourself.

As I said, I've known you since your

old Wilson Avenue Theater days—well enough to first-name you, though we've had little personal contact. But a little over twenty-two years ago, on a grey, rainy afternoon one Saturday, you married my wife (and me) in your study-library. Through your windows we saw the lake, lashing itself into furious white-caps. But inside your Study, we all became so engrossed in your books, from floor to ceiling, that we almost forgot to get married. But we did. And it was a beautiful, simple service. What is more, it "took," for in all these years, not one quarrel has ever marred our companionship. Not bad, eh? Hope I've made myself clear.

Sincerely,

Finney Briggs

* * *

The following letter came to the Mail Bag from one who lived in India for five and a half years and served a Maharanee:

Dear Father:

This is written after your great sermon. I always learn so much when I hear you preach and this a.m. proved it. I seemed to know so little about our own Mr. Lincoln; something else for me to be grateful to you for.

Dr. Bradley, I have listened to you since coming home in 1914. I wandered into the Cort Theatre on my lunch hour and always wanted to know you. Have joined in many things for the church. Just placed the dollar in the envelope.

Dr. Bradley, I have wanted to talk to you about Europe, having spent more than half of my more than 80 years abroad. I came home from India where for five and a half years I served a Maharanee as Lady in Waiting for those years. When I came home to Chicago, worked in the Department of Public Welfare, later as Policewoman in the Crime Prevention Bureau.

Illness forced my retirement. I have provided a home. Rent the upstairs seven-room apartment and can live very comfortably.

My life has been colorful and interesting. I have had a life of faith and earnestness and a belief in a supreme being and a few friends.

From time to time I have sold some of the unusual things from India. I still have about nine large jade buttons and four smaller ones. I would be glad if you would at some time let me come and see you, Doctor.

I have a Kashmiri shawl made in the valley of Kashmiri for Queen Victoria, and finished two years after her death. Maharaj purchased same and gave it to me in 1914.

Hoping that I have not bored you too much, I am

Very sincerely,

Grace Knighten

P.S. I am a Negro and very proud of my life.

* * *

Yes, the Mail Bag hears from as far away as California. Phillip Reister, of The Gem Box, 730 "E" Street, San Diego 1, California, sent this little verse, appropriate to a summer number of our magazine:

"I walked by sea; it spoke to me;
The trees bowed as I passed.
When in the meadow, flowers smiled
As if at friend steadfast.
When on high mountain, clouds outstretched
Soft hands, embracing mine;
To firm convey all things and I
Are one in bond divine."

* * *

Mr. David F. Howe, Manager Trade Promotion Division of the Milwaukee Association of Commerce wrote as follows:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

The tremendous applause you received at the conclusion of your talk

before our Milwaukee Foremen's Safety School bespeaks the sincere appreciation of the 4,500 men and women who were privileged to hear you speak.

Your address was one of the most inspiring messages we have ever heard. In fact, by unanimous assent, you now ran Number One on the Hit Parade of our School.

Your theme of loyalty hit the spot.

Thank you, Dr. Bradley, for the privilege of having you as our guest speaker before this large audience. We will forever be indebted to you.

How you keep up this terrific pace is a mystery to me. Please try to save yourself for the time when we can look forward to a return engagement before your host of Milwaukee friends.

My kindest wishes."

* * *

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

Bazaar—Bazaar—Bazaar

Will you make a donation to our Annual Bazaar? Send to Dr. Bradley at 941 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago 40, Ill. All new articles—linens, fancy goods, aprons, electrical appliances, toys, dolls, jewelry, silverware, hardware, etc.

Extract from Address by Dr. Bradley

(*Continued from page 7*)

of their energy, there is no more tragic spectacle than an individual wasting life. There is no more beautiful example in our whole national life than the example of thousands of women who are determined to safeguard and to protect and preserve the American home; to foster the spirit of worship in the church and to encourage the highest ideals of true education in the schools. To devote one's strength to these matters justifies one's existence and constitutes the chief bulwark against the disintegrating forces of materialism. Women see this clearly and because they have vision in these matters, our country and our world will be better.

DR. BRADLEY'S SCHEDULE

MAY

1—Luncheon at Palmer House
Bazaar Committee
Address, Anniversary Dinner, Greater Bethesda Baptist Church, Michigan and 53rd St.

2—Wedding

3—Sermon. Peoples Church
Address. Park Presbyterian Church, Streator, Ill.

4—Two Funerals
Address, Spring Luncheon, Woman's Club. Peoples Church

6—Funeral
Meeting Chicago Commission on Human Relations

7—Annual Address. Uptown Lions' Club, Edgewater Beach Hotel
Attended Annual Spring Concert, Chicago Assn. of Commerce Glee Club

8—Address, South Evanston Woman's Club, Tam O'Shanter Country Club
Wedding
Address, Mother's Day Dinner Church School, Anderson Hall

9—Wedding

10—Sermon, Peoples Church
Sermon, Warren Ave. Congregational Church

11—Two Funerals
Meeting Board of Directors, Chicago Public Library

12—Invocation, International Convention. Laundry Workers' Union, Congress Hotel
Keynote Address, State Convention, Illinois Federation of Woman's Clubs
Address, Chamber of Commerce Banquet, Zion Hotel, Zion, Ill.
13—Address, Teacher's Federation, Anderson, Ind.
14—Meeting, Commission on Human Relations
Address, P.T.A. John W. Cook School
15—Address, Father and Sons' Banquet, Scottish Rite Cathedral, Peoria, Ill.
16—Funeral
Three Weddings
17—Sermon, Peoples Church
Christenings
Sermon, St. Timothy's Church, Gary, Indiana
18—Address, Central YMCA Luncheon, Central YMCA, Chicago.
Invocation, Opening Session, International Garment Workers Union, Civic Opera House. 5000 present.
18—Meeting with Titus Haffa
19—Funeral
Attended Dinner to Ambassador to U.S. from Holland
20—Commencement Address, Hagerstown High School, Hagerstown, Ind.
21—Address, Past Master's Night, Elmhurst Masonic Temple
22—Address, Peoples Church
Bazaar Organizational Meeting
23—Attended Friends of Library Luncheon
Funeral
Wedding
24—Sermon, Radio Sunday, Peoples Church
Christenings
Sermon, South Elgin New Community Church. So. Elgin, Ill.
25—Address, Memorial Service for 17th Ill. Masonic District, LaGrange Masonic Temple, LaGrange, Ill.
Press Luncheon, Chicago Commission on Human Relations, Bismarck Hotel
Funeral
26—Address, Annual Honor Banquet of Chamber of Commerce, Fremont Community Bldg., Fremont, Mich.
Funeral
27—Presentation of Five-Year-Report of Commission on Human Relations to Chicago Public Library
28—Greensburg City Schools Commencement
Address, Greensburg, Ind.
29—Address, Federation of Women's Clubs, Washington, D.C. Constitution Hall
30—Funeral
Wedding
31—Sermon, Peoples Church
Address, Memorial Sunday, Forest Home Cemetery

WEDDINGS

2—Mrs. Martha Minnick and Allen W. Lowenthal
8—Ann Podobny and Carl W. England
9—Lenore Freshman and Paul C. Tietz
16—Betty Mosler and George Noguchi
Mrs. Clarice Gielow and Robert M. Michels
Genevieve Williams and George Chase
23—Evelyn Iversen and Raymond Iversen
30—Harriet Gardella and Thomas Lauritsen

FUNERALS

4—Mr. Henry Anderson
Mr. Paul Holman
6—Charles T. Weil
11—Mrs. Jessie J. Purple
Mr. Converse Cadawallader
16—Mrs. Edith Kubes
19—Horace E. Apperson
23—Mrs. Arnold Shircliffe
25—David Slagle
26—Mrs. May Weiss
30—Mrs. Margaret Brown
31—Memorial Service—Forest Home

CHRISTENINGS

17—Stephen Ray Nordhaus, son of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Nordhaus
Celeste Ann Stein, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan Stein
24—Douglas Anton Lindt and Antoinette Judith Lindt, children of Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Lindt
Carolyn Holen Cleveland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cleveland

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Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

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